

## Releasing Some Tension

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Summary: Since the Master Chief and Arbiter are at each others throats, 343 Guilty Spark has suggested that they should release some "tension" before the storm. What could go wrong?

### 1. Chapter 1

HALO Fanfiction 2

Arby/MC

#### Releasing Tension

"If you were a Sangheili, then I would compliment your crest and your waist," Thel said, "so your hair looks good and your waist is very supportive." John raised an eyebrow in amusement. It entertained him to see the Arbiter stumbling over his own words.

"Hopefully that isn't offensive to human culture." Thel said. John held up a hand to stop him from saying more. He moved to the padlock and stopped the music.

"You're talking too much, Thel," John said. He turned to face him and saw the tired expression on Thel's face.

"It's just that so many things have gone wrong," Thel said with a sigh, "I just want things to go right for a change! I just want!"

John gently placed a hand to Thel's cheek. He was relieved to see the Sangheili proceed into the touch. He removed his hand from his face and stood facing each other. They leaned forward and softly bumped their foreheads together. Thel placed a hand on John's shoulder and held him close. He slid his hand underneath his tank top and played with his warm, soft skin. John nuzzled his face into his neck and let

out a soft, quiet moan. Thel moved his hands north and started playing with his chest. He helped the Spartan out of his clothes and led him towards his bed.

Thel sat back on his bed and allowed John to straddle him. He placed a hand over John's and led him over his armor straps. He helped him take off his armor by telling him where his fingers were supposed to go. There was a clunk and a chunk of armor fell to the floor, followed by other smaller pieces of armor. Now the Arbiter was naked too and their warm bodies touched each other. John wrapped his arms around his neck and bumped their foreheads together again. He nuzzled him and placed chaste kisses against his mandibles, trailing all the way down to his neck. Thel growled in pleasure and pushed John to the side. He arranged himself on top of him and clicked his mandibles in a satisfied smirk.

"Fuck me like you mean it," John whispered.

"Will do."

Thel grabbed John's ankles and heaved them into the air. "Now, stay still. I'll be gentle."

He pressed. Just the tip, but it was enough to make him clench up and moan. Thel stroked the inside of John's thigh until he was able to focus on the human's face again. He pushed himself further into John, moving rhythmically.

"Let me in," Thel whispered, and John complied by lifting his hips so Thel could push himself in deeper. They moved together without words, battle-hardened against battle-scarred, saying what they couldn't say about all those close calls, all those near-deaths, all those losses. John buried his face in Thel's chest as they swayed, and after a while the sangheili wrapped him in both arms and held him close. He quickened his pace, deepening the creases in Spartan's forehead. John fumbled for his own hard cock, but Thel gently nudged his hand away.

"Allow me," Thel said, reaching for the human's hard cock. He took over with one hand, steadyng himself on the table with the other while he thrust harder and harder. John's moan became stilted by the motion; his hands could not find anywhere to be satisfied and groped at the leathery skin he could reach. Then, nothing: blinding, roaring nothing; and he could feel Thel hitting nothing too. Thel was a warm presence hovered over him; Thel was the only solid, safe thing; Thel was here and his.

They took their time recovering. Thel eased himself out and then lay lightly across John's chest. "Well, Spartan, I'd say we did okay, first go-round," he said after a while, nuzzling his face against his hair.

For his part, John was content to catch his breath and enjoy the tingling sensation in his legs. "Mmmmm."

Arby/MC

Releasing Some Tension contin.

Prt. 2

"What are you doing?" John asked, half-turning to face his lover. "Stop pushing me." Thel grunted and continued shoving him towards the Sangheili showers. Many elites turned their heads to stare at them as they trudged by. John noticed the silver-clad shipmaster R'tas click his mandibles in an amused smirk. John turned his head to Thel.

"Thel, tell me where you're taking me," John demanded.

"I am taking you to the showers," Thel replied.

"Yes, I know, but why? You know I took one this morning."

John could feel Thel's hands tremble when he replied, "It is something special." The doors slid open and there were already a few Sangheili inside. They eyed the Spartan curiously as Thel steered him away into another section. This area was more private, with showers as big as small bedrooms. Thel took his hand and led John inside the room. Ceramic tiles covered the floor. Thel quickly slid the opaque glass doors shut. John watched uncomfortably as Thel started fiddling with the knobs. Thel turned to advance upon him.

"You need to take off your clothes," Thel said. John complied with silence and took off his shirt. Thel watched with a growing hunger as John continued to strip before him. When at last the Spartan's pair of boxers slid down to his ankles, Thel practically ripped off his armor.

"That's good," Thel murmured. "That is very good." He wrapped his arms around the smaller one's body and pulled him close. He nuzzled his face and whispered sweet nothings into his ear. He stifled a whine as John pushed him away.

"Thel what's wrong with you?" John asked. "You've been acting strange."

However, before Thel could respond, warm spouts of water gushed at them from all angles of the room. John ducked down and proceeded to wipe away the water away from his face when a strong pair of arms wrapped themselves around his waist. He let out a startled cry as he was pulled to the floor. He squirmed in Thel's lap as the Sangheili stroked his inner thighs. John let out a moan and placed a hand on one of Thel's arms, leading it to his hardened cock.

"What is this?" John asked in a hushed voice. "I've never felt soâ€¦strange."

Thel paused from nibbling on John's ear before replying, "It is a chemical that triggers a person's arousal. It is sort of like a human Viagra."

"What?!" John nearly shrieked. He pushed himself away from him, but to no avail. He was immediately dragged back, except this time he was on his hands and knees. Thel positioned himself over him, his

throbbing cock nestled near his mate's entrance. John's hands trembled a bit when Thel pushed the tip of his cock inside of him. John berated himself for acting so nervous. It wasn't as if it were his first time anyway. Thel slowly thrust himself inside of him, letting John adjust to him. John clenched at first, but then let out a small moan and a soft sighing noise. John opened his mouth in a silent shout as Thel urged himself deeper inside. Before he got all the way in, Thel pulled out a bit and thrusted back inside.

"Aa-ah, Thel," John moaned. It was a pain, but a good one. Thel placed one hand over his and the other was stroking his member. He pulled nearly all the way out before slowly going in. Farther and farther until John's small grunt of pain told him he'd gone far enough. He moaned as he thrusted in and out of John slowly, going all the way in and nearly all the way out. John's moans were coming fast, like his breath, as moved against Jack, wanting to receive it hard. He let out a long noise as his hips jerked slightly-He'd released before Thel.

Thel thrusted faster until finally he too let out a pleasured groan and grinned. His member was all the way in at the time he released. His eyes were half closed and he was slightly sweaty. He pulled out of John and let out a breath, breathing hard and holding onto John's bottom with both hands now. Some of Thel's semen dribbled down John's thighs. John let out a loud moan before he collapsed onto the tile floor. Thel smiled and nuzzled John's face. He wrapped his arm around John's waist and pulled himself on top of his chest. The two stayed like that for a while, basking in the warmth of each other's bodies.

"I love you, Thel," John mumbled into his chest.

End  
file.